Miller & Rhoads.

Miller & Rhoads.

We Will Place on Sale This Morning

One Thousand, Three **Hundred New Swiss Lace** Stock Collars.

10c and 15c.

There are Collars among these worth up to 75c each (First floor Collar counter.)

Another Lot of

COOL WHITE LAWN WAISTS.

(Less than 1/2 price.)

\$1.00.

Sheer Fine Lawn, with Lace and Embroidery Yokes.

Men's Soft Summer Shirts The pick of upwards of 1.000 Soft Shirts at this little price.

Miller Rhoads

Social and

Much inferest is manifested in the anomonement of the engagement of Misa fretchen Louise Parsons, of Natural 3ridge, to Mr. Horace Brinton, of Westhester, Pa. Miss Parsons is an exceptionally beautifully girl of the blonde tyne mid is popular in the social circles of this city, having frequently visited here as he guest of Miss. Elizabeth Travers Hayes. She is the second daughter of Mrs. Nellie L. Parsons, and for several rears the family occupied the cottage on he hotel lawn at Natural Bridge, where hey frequently entertained. In recent rears they have lived in a large brick rouse about a mile from the Bridge. Mr. Brinton is a successful financier. The vedding is scheduled for early in September.

Atlanta Costitution of yesterday ns the following, which will be of t here: social set has been agog ever

Battery Park Hotel, and Miss Jones is a most charming young woman, representative of a most excellent Asheville family, and had chosen the life of a professional nurse. Mr. Cox was divorced ten years ago from his first wife, who was the daughter of Colonel J. K. Connally, a brave ex-Confederate soldier. The bride and groom have gone to Los Angeles Cal., where they will spend the winter, making their home in Asheville next spring.

Miss Morton, of this city, was among the guests who were entertained at tea Friday afternoon on board the United State Receiving Ship Franklin, by Dr. I. R. Dykes, U. S. N., who is now statoned at Norfolk. The other guests were Mrs. Albert E. Thornton, Miss Thornton, and Miss Newman, of Atlanta; Mrs. Paul

A lawn party will be given in the grounds of the Soldiers' Home, Grove tyenue and the Boulevard, to-night, 8 to 1 o'clock, under the auspices of the Constant Y. W. C. T. U. Refreshments will be served at city prices and the public is cordially invited to attend. An enoyable time is assured.

late Top, i the home of Mr. Washer, the scene of a delightful watermelon t last Friday evening. Among those ent were Mr. and Mrs. Charles At-on, James Atkisson, Harold Nelsen, ies Blanche and Salle Witte, Mr. and Bertha Washer, Wallace Ballard, Washer, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Louis

minsula, proffering the advantages of the links free of charge until the first of October, It is very likely that a good number will avail themselves of this opportunity.

Personal Mention.

Personal Mention.

Mrs. M. H. Winkers has just returned from a trip to Huntington, W. Va., where she went to take her son, Edward, to the Chesapeake and Ohlo hospital. She also visited her daughter, Mrs. O. T. Himes, of East Lynn, W. Va. Mrs. Hincs is the wife of Dr. O. T. Hines. She reports her son's condition as being much improved, and its so much impressed by her visit that she contemplates moving her family to East Lynn.

The Rev. Dr. Theron Rice, of the Central Presbyterian Church, Atlanta, Ga., is visiting Mrs. A. H. Jamieson, of the Union Theological Seminary.

Mrs. Mary M. Armstrong, daughter of

Mrs. Thomas S. Atkins and Miss Stanley Atkins, who have been at the Beach for two weeks, have returned to their

. . .

Miss Pattie Moon, of this city, is at "Scotland." the home of Senator Martin, near Scottsville.

Mr. Orrin White has returned from a pleasant visit to Scottsville.

Miss Eleanora Steinbrecher, of this city, after a delightful visit to Ellicott and Atlantic City, is the guest of the Misses Jordan, of No. 411 Lorraine Avenue, Bal-timore, Md.

Miss Lena Wilson, of Pine Street, left Thursday to spend several weeks with friends and relatives in Pluvanna county.

Mrs. William Chase Morton and little daughter, Elizabeth, are at the Alleghany

Springs.

Mrs. Alice M. Finch, who has been spending the past three weeks at Saratoga, is now the guest of Mrs. R. T. Hunter, at the Mount Vernon.

Misses Annie H. Todd, of Staunto Personal Richmond, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. G. T. W. Kern, at their home, Kern's Lodge, Chesterfield county.

H. Seldon Taylor, Mrs. Taylor and Miss Floyd Taylor, of this city, are registered at the Wiltshire, Atlantic City.

Miss Susie Brett, of Newport News, is visiting Miss Annie Carlton, at Chestnut

Miss Annie Bugg, of Mecklenburg county, is spending a few days in the city Mr. T. Garnett Tabb has returned from pleasant stay in Halifax county.

Miss Abbie Poyton Selden will shortly leave for San Francisco, where she will pass several months. Miss Mabel Tyler is visiting her friend

Miss Wille Mallory, on "Valmount," near Scottsville.

Mr. G. Gibson Worsham has returned from a trip to Atlantic City and New York.

Messrs. Lynnwood Harris and John Davenport have returned to their home in Gordonsville after a pleasant visit to this

city. Captain George R, Pigman, United States navy; Mrs. Pigman and their daughter, Mrs. Asserson, have left the White Mountains and returned to Bos-ton, where the receiving ship Wabash is stationed. Captain Pigman was much benefited by his trip, and is now almost restored to health.

restored to health rived in San Francisco, and will not re-turn until October. They are both well and having a delightful trip. They will

Mr. and Mrs. R. Laneaster Williams have left the Warm Springs and will spend the rest of the summer at the Green Springs, near Baltimore.

and Mrs. Evan R. Chesterman are

at the Blue Ridge Springs. ful in her teaching here in the Woman's College, last session, is still in New York, where she is doing fine work in the study

Mrs. Martin will return to the city in time to take up her duties at the college at the opening of the fall torm. Mr. Martin, who has been at the college all the summer working up the school for next year, feels greatly pleased at the line prospect for an unusually large at-

Mrs. Lanbbourne Williams and children have returned from a sojourn of several weks at the Mountain Top Hotel, The friends of Mrs. B. B. Valentine will be glad to learn that she has entirely recovered from her recent indisposition.

Mrs. John Billey and son and Misses Rosa Bahen. Teresu Dipner, Marle Stumpf, Adele Loving, and Miss Mamio Keeh, after having spent a most enjoy-able summer at Lintonsford, Va., return-ed by way of Washington, Baltimore and West Point.

Mr. J. Sydney Williams, of No. 410 North Twenty-third Street, left Thurs-day for a pleasure trip to Niogara Falls, Toronto, Watkins' Glen and other north-ern cities.

ern cities.

Mr. and Mrs. D. C. W. McLeod, of No. 2305 East Brond Street, and Mrs. J. C. Williams, of No. 410 North Twenty-third Sincet, have returned after a pleas-Christian, of Sandy Point, James River,

Miss Isabel Maury, house regent of the Confederate Museum, is spending the Confederate Museum, is spending ithe month of August near Washington, D. C.

Dr. and Mrs. C. W. P. Brock will visit New York city during the month of Sep-

Mrs. A. D. Atkinson, of the Lexington Hotel, is spending some time in Chicago.

Mrs. Fred Gallup has returned to her home in Catletisburg, Ky., after a pleas-ant visit to friends on West Grace Sirect.

Dr. M. B. Rudd has returned from a short visit to frends in Powhatan county, Mrs. R. T. Hunter and Miss Hunter will leave next week for the Jefferson

Park Hotel to attend the Horse Show, Mrs. A. Hungerford has returned from a pleasant stay at Virginia Beach.

Mrs. R. 12. Yancey left yesterday for her home in Mecklenburg county, after a brief visit to this city.

Mr. Ernest Chase and Mr. Charles Warof Nashville, Tenn., are the guests

Mrs. Leland Rankin and Miss Leland
Rankin are spending the summer at Mr.
Dabney's in Gloucester county,

BURNETT'S EXTRACT OF VANILLA
Rankin are spending the summer at Mr.



THE MAN ABOUT

Town -BY-Harry Tucker

Of course, if we had known that the equinoxes and things had switched around, so that summer would come in September, we would have postponed our

September, we would have post-accepted trip to the places we went to.

Still, with Reservoir Park and its inviting shady nocks, with naught but the stars to look down upon us, we feel that we can stand it all right, if she be at our side.

Branch Allen's soda-water fountain,

There are times when a fellow can be enlightened, and when that time comes around we are always glad to take advantage of it.

Therefore, it is with pleasure that we have learned from our good friend Blair Monniey that we have up to this time missed a good thing.

We do not, of course, mean that we are glad we have missed it, for we never like to inise any good things, but we feel that we have the pleasure still coming to us of enjoying the good thing.

For several years our good friends, Jim Redmond and Joe West, have importuned us to go up the river with them to the "Isle of Plenty," there to revel in the finest of Brunswick stew, fried chicken, boiled corn and other good things, but for just as long have we been mable to do so.

Now our friend Blair comes to the

You talk about your summer time
With leaves so green and sky so blue;
It doen't half compare, you know,
To time when folks know naught to do.
I'd rather be in loc and snow
With frest upon the panes each morn,
For then we'd know just where to go—
We'd look upon the celd with scorn,

KELLEY & THOMASON

Their Names Inadvertently Omitted in List of Candidates.

In the announcement of candidaes in he primary for the Democratic House this bity Sunday omission of a line made it appear that

nominations in this belty sumany the omission of a line mange it appear that Messrs. Samuel L. Kelley and E. B. Thomason were not in the field. Both these gentlemen paid up their assessments and will be in the thick of the fray in the primary.

In all the primary.

In all the are seven candidates for the Ityo seals in the House. They are: Messrs. Samuel L. Kelley, L. T. Christian present delegation in the riouse, and Messrs. E. B. Thomason, Charles I. Anderson, E. P. Cox and Harry L. Walson, new aspirants for the honor of representing the city in the lower branch of the General Assembly. Mr. E. C. Folkes, one of the present members, retires and the other, Mr. A. C. Harmen, is the nominee for the Senate. To sum up the situation, three of the old members are candidates for renomination, and there are four new candidates. It promises to be a very pretty contest. All the ear-didates are already at work handshaking, distributing candidatey cards and enlisting the efforts of their friends in their behalf.

ANIMAL STORIES FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

(Charles Battell 'Loomis.)

I once spent a year in Strangeland, and I suppose I had as good a chance as anybody to see the animals that live there, but I never thought any boys or girls would care to hear about them, and so I took no notes while I was there.



PICKED THEMSELVES UP AND BE-

GAN TO FIGHT.

GAN TO FIGHT.

I remember some of the animals, however, and I believe that the things that made the most impression on me were the tiny waiter elephants, not bigger than robins, that are used to serve at table. You see the dinner tables there are about fifty feet long, and only two or three people sit at each table, and as they have no servants there it would be very hard to pass things if it were not for the waiter elephants and the toy railroads that they use.

A circular track runs around the table, and on it are tank ears for the soup, mill, water and coffee; platform cars for the cold meats and vegetables, and lox cars for the things that need to be

mills water and coffee; platform cars for the cold meats and vegetables, and box cars for the things that need to be kept warm. If my friend at the other end of the table wanted some soup, I would hitch Knurt, our little four-inch elephant, to the soup tank car and tell him to carry it down to the other end, and away he would galop as hard as he could, and then perhaps come back with a box car full of salt or sugar.

We never tried having two elephants more than once. My friend had bought a little fellow, and he hitched him to a scup car and sont him to me at the same time that I sent him some water, and the two thy animals, running full tilt, met in the middle of the table and had a head-on collision. Soup and water went sky-high, and it is a wonder the elephants were not killed.

They both picked themselves up and become to the total or the table and become to the tell of the table.

elephants were not killed.

They both picked themselves up and began to fight, and before they were through the track was torn up for inches around, and the table cloth was torn to

shreds.

As a general thing the elephants in that country are fed at the end of each meal by giving them a bale of hay as hig as a couple of cubes of sugar, but these bad little elephants went to bed supportess that night, and after that we did not try to do a two-track business on a one-track road.

PERIL ISLAND.

By SIDNEY DREW. Copyright, 1903, by W. R. Hearst.

CHAPTER VIII .- CONTINUED. "You're a good plucky one," said the inspector, "Now, what about this af-

"Is the old man dead?"

"He shot himself."

"Ho shot himself."

Clive clenched his hands.
"A lie," he oried. "Junn Gaskara was murdered. I know the man who killed him."

him."
"What?" gasped the doctor.
The Inspector winked and bent forward. He whispered with the medical ward, and then the medical control of the medical control ment, and then the

"Who was the man, then, Mr. Dray

"Who was the man, ton?"
"I don't know his name. He is described as the 'Honourable.' I could identify him anywhere. He shot at me when I was trying to rescue the old man. His accomplices were Swayne, Lake, "Who's that?—the last one?"
"Vanderlet—Hans Vanderlet,"

'Yes; that's it. He will be better

They left the room. Cive began to recall the past. Gaskara was dead. He had deld a death of violence—such a death as he had dealt out to many. It was retribution long delayed. There would be an inquest, a nine-days' sonsation, and all would be forgotten.

Clive was clour-headed. They would not credit his evidence, it was certain. The tale was too wildly impossible. They

The tale was toe wildly impossible. They assumed that the old man had attacked the constable, and then blown out his brains rather than be captured.

"He's dead," thought Clive, with a sliver. "Those finds will run for it, and Cuskara deserved it all. Why should I speak?"

and Gaskara deserved it all. Why should I speak?"

Cive looked round for his clothes. They were on a chair. He got out of bed and began to dress. It was a long operation, for he was very shaky. Once he sat down to rest. Was he doing right in permitting Juan Gaskara's murderers to escape? Surely, if ever a man deserved a swift, violent death, it was the pirate. And vengeance came fitly from the hand of the grandson of one of his victims. "I hops the last chapter of this violestry of blood and crime is written," muttered Clive. "I won't run away, if the police want me they can find me. Great Scotti it's risking a madhouse to tell that tale in court. Let the dead sleep."

He pulled aside the blind. He pulled aside the billid. He found was a small square yard. Clive raised the window and closed it sently after him. He scaled the low wall and turned along a passage. Two minutes later he was in a crowded street.

He found walking hard work. His legs did not seem to belong to him, and they wanted to make journeys on their own account. His head buzzed. The horror of the night had not lifted its shadow. He could see the dent hacked in Juan Gaskara's door, see the blood stained, whirling sword, hear the phantom shrieks and the sullen splashing of phantom corpses. It had only been a nightmare, an evil dream, but it was bideously vivid.

"I ought to see a doctor," he thought.

hideously vivid.

"I ought to see a doctor," he thought.
"My nerves are going. Poor feeding and
too much work, I expect. I wonder if
any human being ever had such a bloodcurdling experience? I must let it drop.
If I began to spin that yarn in a court
of law, to the asylum I should go in two
shakes of a lamb's tail. Poor old Gaskara!"

Cilve turned into a square. A few smoky, unhealthy trees were scattered about with seats under them. Glad to rest his limbs, he sat down. Suddenly he recollected the parchment Black Juan had given him. It was in his breast pocket.

Cilve took it out and unrolled it.

"Great goodness!" he gasped in wonder, "what's this picture gallery all about?"

"Steady, steady, Mr. Diayon." What's the matter?"

Jack, the waterman, dashed across the wharf and put a strong arm round him. Clive was stagsering, and there was a strange light in his eyes. "Where's the barge, Jack." "I don't know. I missed it at day-"I don't know. I missed it at day-light. Hold up. Mr. Drayton. What's amiss with you? You're ill, ain't you?" "Ask me another, Jack." said Clive. "Things are spinning round. I want to sit down."

"No, you don't. Come along with me.

You can't sit down here, sir. Gently, gently. It ain't far. Now, 'old up a bit and put your arms round my nock. That's Just fine. Hang it, you'll fall."

He helped Clive along into the little back street. Clive's step became firmer after a time.

"Jack," he said hearsely, "you must go and find out about the barge."

"All in good time, sir, all in good time. It's only broke adrift. The ropes were getting rotten. They've got it somewhere further down the river, you bet. I'll see to it; you come in here."

Jack Marsden unlocked the door of his little cottage and deposited Clive in his only easy chair.

"I'll get you a oup of tea in a second."

little cottage and deposited Clive in his only easy chair.

"I'll get you a cup of tea in a second," he said. "Sit there and don't tolk for a bit. When you've had some grub I'll see to the barge. You'll be fined for letting her adritt."

Clive could not eat. He dreaded the worst. He drank a little tea, but it almost choked him. The good-natured waterman donned his pea-facket.

"You won't stir out till I come back," he said. "If you don't promise I'll not go."

he said. "If you don't promise I'll not go."

"Then I promise. It's splendld of you, Jack. I haven't got a cent to give you, and you'll be losing time. You mustn't go. I'll go myself."

"You can't go."

"But I must."

"Then come with me. It won't make no difference. We're pretty sure to hear down at the station."

"If she's not scuttled." groaned Clive. He was still very weak. The boat was tethered to the wharf. Marsden began to pull down stream. They halled several ships, but learned nothing.

"There's the station." said Jack, "and there's a chap I know. Ahoy, Sam!"
One of the river police was balling out a boat.

"Hello, Jack," he shouted, "how goes it?"

"Seen anything of a barge sdrift?"

t?"
"Seen anything of a barge adrift?"
"Yes; picked one up last night. She's
lyin' behind that Brazilian steamer.
There was a nigger aboard."
The good news turned Clive into a new
man. He called out, asking if the negro
was safe, but the scream of a tug's
steam whistle drowned his voice. The
count glided round the stern of the big

hind her a bont swung in the current, telling that someone was aboard.
"Ruby," shouted Clive, "Ruby,"
A man's head and shoulders appeared at the window.
"A salvage chap," said Jack. "Watt till I make fast, sir. New you're right."
Clive mounted on deck and floundered into the cabin.
"Where's the negro?" he panted.
"In 'orspital, guv'nor," said the man in charge of the derelict. "If you're the

his feet. His face must be defined in the had been robbed!

"I'll go to the hospitas at once," he said, with strange calminess. "I suppose nothing has been touched?"

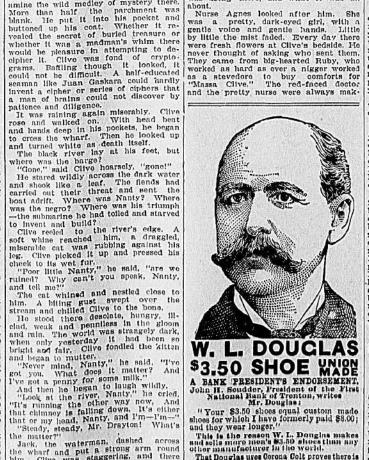
"I reckon there wasn't a lot to touch," grinned the man. "It's just as I found it, anyhow." t, anyhow."
Clive did not answer.

Clive did not answer. The shock had almost stunned him. He sat white and still in the stern, staring straight before him. His airy castles had tumbled about his ears. Others would reap in gold the harvest he had sown in toll and bifterness. And who was the thief?

The boat touched the steps. "Give me the kitten, Jack," he said, "and wait for me,"

And then hugging the cat in his arms, he walked away with springless tread.

CHAPTER IX.
To sleep a pauper, to awake a King!
Could even dreams a stranger picture But Jack Marsden waited for Clive in vain. Clive did not return. He was lying in one of the white cots of the hos-



"Your \$3.50 shoes equal oustom made shoes for which I have formerly paid \$8.00; and they wear longer."

This is the reason W. L. Donglas makes and solls more ment \$3.50 shoes thum any office manufacturer in the world.

That Donglas use forcas Cott proves there is value in Donglas \$3.50 shoes. Corons Cott is the highest grade patent leather made, err Name and price on bottom. Take no substitute, Fast Color Eyolcts need exclusively.

Boys were W. L. Donglas Shoes.

Shoes by Price . \$2.00 and \$1.75.

Shoes by Mail, Name, Child Child, Brockton free.

RICHMOND: 623 East Broad Street.

Catalog free,

ing the same remarks. The nurse would say, "Don't you think he's strong enough, doctor?" and the doctor would shake his head with a smile and answer. "In another day or two, nurse, in another day or two," Clive wondered that they could not find some other thing to say. One morning an unusual sound awoke him from a dose, He was almost well, and he had been moved into a convalescent ward. There was quite a crowdlescent ward.

900 Drops

Avegetable Preparation for As-

similating the Food and Regula-ting the Stomachs and Bowels of

INFANTS & CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion Cheerful-

ness and Rest.Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral.

Pacine of Old Dr. SAMUEL PITCHER

Aperiect Remedy for Constipa-tion, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoed

Worms Convulsions Feverish ness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Fac Simile Signature of

Chart Flatcher. NEW YORK

D0515-35CINIS

NOT NARCOTIC.

The pretty nurse nodded at him cheer 'Mr. Drayton." said the doctor, "this

ing, too; and there was also a strange gentleman in a stylish frock coat and

wildered Drayton.
"I think the meeting will be very
easant for both of us," said the
ranger. "I have some bad news for pleasant for both stranger. "I have

stranger. "I have some bad news for you all the same, Sir Clive—"
"What? What are you calling me?"
The faces suddenly vanished in a mist.
"Your uncle died a month age, and you are now the eighth baronet. Everyyou are now the eighth baronet. Everything is yours. I heartily congratulate you, Sir Clive, upon inheriting one of the noblest estates, and one of the most honored names in England. I am sure you will uphold your high position with credit to yourself and to the benefit of all who come in contact with you."

The voice came out of the mist, Clive could not realize his sudden leap from poverty to wealth. He had respected his uncle, but he had never cared for him. The hard, loveless old man had treated him badly.

"But the heir," gasped Clive, "my was drowned in Vancouver las year, Sir Clive," said Clive, sadly. "I'm

sorry for Dick."
Then he found himself laughing foolishly and shaking hands with every-body. He had become a tremendous favorite in the hospital. The patients gave three cheers for Sir Clive Drayton.

you've done. Come and see me at Drayton House. I want you to get me the names and addresses of all the peoplethe patients, you know. Send the list along to me. I want to do something for everybody. I appoint you my private physician at once. Stop grinning, Ruby, you booby. You'll frighten the cat."

"Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho!" roared the negro.
"P'raps yo' like larfin' better, Massa Sah Clive. Ho, ho, ho, ho!"

"Shut up!"
Ruby's laugh was infectious. They all

"Shut up!"
Ruby's laugh was infectious. They all joined in. There was a color in Clive's cheeks at last, and his eyes were spark-ling. An hour later, with the nurse on one side and the doctor on the other, and Ruby cutting all sorts of enpers behind him. Sir Clive Drayton was helped to his cerriage. carriage.

There it stood in the dingy courtyard, its panels gleaming, the two shining bays pawing the ground. The smart coachman in the smarter Drayton livery brought his whip to the salute, the smart footman, with a pile of exquisite rugs on his arm, held open the door. Bank notes were rustling as they passed from Mr. Hallday's pocket-book into the possession of the hospital servants. Everyone cheered, and Ruby stood on his head, with his cap on his right (oot, and sang a comic song. Nanty, with a big rosette round his neck, purred on nurse's shoulder, and with tears in his eyes and a smile on his lips, Sir Clive waved his hand again and again.

(To be Continued To-morrow.)

REVENUE OFFICE IS RATED ALL RIGHT.

Inspector C. F. Bouldin, of the United States Internal Revenue Department, who recently made an inspection of the local recently made an inspection of the department, and it is very complimentary to the local force. The office is rated No. 1; the force therein employed is characterized as prompt and efficient and very attentive to duty. The men in the office are not unmaturally a little proud of the commendation by the Goyproud of the commendation by the Government sleuth, where hard ernment sleuth, whose business it is to go prowling around the country and pouncing down on revenue officers unexpectedly to see whether they are attend-ing to their business diligently and properly.

The Kind You Have **Always Bought**

Bears the Signature

Thirty Years

DAILY FASHION HINTS

Sallor costumes are always attractive for girls, and nothing is smarter than the one shown here, where the sever painness is modified by the use of tucks and trimming. The model shows a tuck-ed vest and the trimming on the collar carries out the season's mode of stole

The circular sair, daving and fown cut, has they tucks over the hips and three deep tiny tucks on the lower edge. The style will be found very attractive if made of linen, pique, madras or entry as in colors, using white for vest and trimming.



No. 4407—Styles for ten, eleven, twelve, fourteen and sixteen years.
On receipt of 10 cents this pattern will be sent to any address. All orders must be directed to THE LITTLE FOLKS PATTERN CO., 78 Fifth Avenue, New York. When ordering please do not fall to mention number.

Whe star boys of St. Peter's Cathedral will hold their annual pinic at Forest to Frank at Thursday. They will meet next Wednesday morning at 10 A. M., at the corner of Minth and Marshall Street to complete arrangements.

mention number. No. 4407.

Name..... Address.....

Altar Boys' Picnic.